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THOUGHTS

by

Mrs. E. W. Crosby

FEB 17 1920

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TO
MY COMPANION

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by
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GOD'S POEMS

O, thou Great Poet!
Before thy Master Mind
We bow in adoration.
Thy poems live!
Creations wrought by thee
Unfold great truths
That oft have failed discernment.
Yon setting sun
Throws deep, rich shadows o'er
Thy snow-capped peaks resplendent,
Transforming them
To burnished, rose-hued crests,
Thy handiwork
Revealing strength omnipotent!
Yet, blossoming, frail,
Beneath those tow'ring heights
We find in deep seclusion
Thy flowerlets
All kissed by morning dew,
Their fragile bloom
Exhaling mild aroma sweet.
O, thou kind Friend!
With tenderness unveiled
Through exquisite creation!
Our purged souls,
In true nobility,
Give birth to praise
Conceived while bowing at thy feet!

OUR TOMORROW

Sometimes I dream, Life's dreams come true,
Of Tomorrow and all the things we'll do,
For our Yesterdays will come again
Without the burdens, without the pain;
All sighs, all tears we will forget
Tomorrow where there's no regret.
As the rippling brooklet speeds along
We hear it sing the old, old song
Of how men come and how they go,
Yet its sparkling waters forever flow.
So will our Tomorrow surely be,
As endless e'er as Eternity.
We pass through this world, but not alone,
A guiding hand is holding our own,
And though friends meet as ships in the night,
A fleeting glance, then out of sight,
A wondrous ship on the Celestial Sea
With great white wings to the breeze set free,
Will carry us safe to a golden shore
Where partings will cease forever more.
So I sometimes sigh and sometimes smile
As I think with joy of each golden while
Of Tomorrow and all the things we'll do
When we reach the realm where dreams come true.

RESPONSE TO "OUR YESTERDAYS" BY A FRIEND

HOME AND CHILDREN

The tender bloom of flowerlets
That oft the world in haste forgets,
God fain would shield from trampling feet,
Preserving purity complete.

So He in all wise providence,
E'er mindful of frail innocence,
Plants in their midst a stately tree,
Whose arms stretch forth protectingly.

A ray of sunlight filters through
The tree that points to Heaven's blue,
And scatters o'er the mossy ground,
Where flowerlets in joy abound.

With fragrance sweet like incense borne,
The dainty blossoms greet the morn;
By cooling streams, in shaded dell,
God's flowerlets are guarded well.

CHARACTER

O, what's in a name
That merely wins Fame?
'Tis better to form as we go
Strong character best,
Standing Life's greatest test,
For out of it greatness will grow.

The good being done,
As the great race is run,
Will linger in mem'ries of all;
While days are forgot,
Real service is not,
Though seeming as trivial and small.

Keep ever in mind,
Real greatness to find,
Means doing our best every day,
Not waiting in dreams
For something that seems
To be a more excellent way.

A FRIEND

A Friend to love you dearly,
A Friend to clasp your hand,
Despite the seeming failures,
A Friend to understand,
Means more than heir to kingdoms,
Means more than wealth or fame;
You'll find that life's worth living
With one true friend to name.
Count not your life a failure,
If when you reach the end
Of Life's great Path, long trodden,
You've proved yourself a Friend.

LOVE

We thank thee not, our Father,
For wealth and flowery ease,
For rainment, food and shelter,
'Tis not for one of these.

We thank thee not, our Father,
For sparing us the care
That makes one stoop a little
And oft is hard to bear.

But we would thank thee, Father,
For knowing how to love,
For hearts that are forgiving,
And tuned with that above.

For what is life, our Father,
With every worldly gift,
If Love within is failing
The tired world to lift?

LIFE

What is Life? O, solemn thought,
That stirs through heart and mind;
Can none save God explain it all?
Can none an answer find?

What is Life? Some say 'tis Joy,
'Tis all a glad sweet song;
If sorrow comes—well, what of that?
The clouds will flee ere long.

What is Life? To some it means
Long days of toil and care;
They weary of the heavy load
That is so hard to bear.

What is Life? 'Tis not a Farce,
'Tis not all Peace, all Strife,
'Tis just a preparation
For a higher, better Life.

What is Life? A time for us
Who love our God above,
To give the weary comfort,
To scatter seeds of Love.

What is Life? A privilege,
An Honor from God's hand;
A time to reach the highest
That is at our command.

What is Life? a Training School
For soldiers of the King;
Though discipline be firm, severe,
The end will victory bring.

EASTER

The blessed Easter time is here!
It brings to us good will and cheer.
Our hearts rebound with love and grace,
Our souls reflect His shining face!

The songs of birds are tune with Love,
The flowers speak of Him above,
The trees, the winds, the sunshine rare,
Are shaping thankful words of prayer.

Does not the Spring Christ's life confess,
And don her glorious festal dress?
Does not the earth resplendent shine,
And prove the risen Lord divine?

The glad world lays aside her cares,
Forgets the pain, the sinful snares,
And joins the Angel Chorus fair,
Whose Hallelujahs fill the air!

O, Christ, our Lord, we bow to thee,
In greatest love and humility;
Our hearts and lives are wholly thine,
This wondrous day, this Easter time!

SAN JOAQUIN

In the heart of sunny, golden California,
Decked in garb of royal splendor, like a Queen,
By the gleaming peaks of proud Sierra sheltered
Is the verdant, fertile valley, San Joaquin.

Nature, lavishing her wealth of dainty poppies,
Sets afame the sloping hills with radiant glow,
While the waxen, lily bloom of golden orange
Wafts its fragrance o'er the smiling vale below.

Fleeting by are days of Spring and soon the glorious
Summer months their ripened harvest will display,
Blushing fruits and luscious grapes in tempting
clusters,
Gleaning flavor from the sun's enriching ray.

Most prolific is this land of milk and honey
Fairest vale of our rich, golden state, I ween,
Hearts are thrilled beholding wondrous living beauty
Of an Eden's realm, the Valley San Joaquin.

YOSEMITE IN JUNE

No verse, though like an oracle inspired,
Revealing treasures of the mind attired
In words that ring like silver bells in tune,
Can picture the Yosemite in June!
The soul of Nature, hearing urgent calls,
Yosemite awakes! Her seething falls
Are splashing, dashing, crashing on their way,
The sunbeams playing tag with laughing spray.
The base of Nature's garden, like a floor
With carpet of green velvet spreading o'er,
Is strewn with flowers of such dainty tints,
Perchance the fairies left their tiny prints;
The violets with peeping heads are seen,
While blushing berries nestle in the green.
The clear and sparkling river of Merced
Is peaceful now; for miles it's sped
Along the mountain side with madd'ning pace,
Inviting evil spirits to the race!
At early morn, with eagerness we take
The winding path that points to Mirror Lake;
No ripple there to mar reflections won
By shadows of the glorious, rising sun,
Like mirror cased in jeweled frame it seems,
Its crystal surface far surpassing dreams!
Although in verdure woodland scenes abound,
Stupendous granite walls and peaks are found.
We climb the steep and narrow trail that leads
To Glacier Point, where soul in rapture feeds!
Gigantic in their height, with awe we scan
The monument of stone, El Capitan,
The great Half Dome with burnished, golden crest,
While far beyond, the summit of Cloud's Rest.
Cathedral Spires like giant pillars rise
In solemn dignity to azure skies;
Three Brothers, linking arms in sympathy,
Are Nature's emblem of Fraternity,
And stalwart like a guardian through the years,
The Sentinel in majesty appears.
The vista in its grandeur without end
Has challenged greatest minds to comprehend!
Supernal heights are crowned with glittering snow!
Great statues, sculptured chasms all aglow!
We're loath to leave so soon the wondrous gem,
Yosemite, Sierra's diadem!

THE ARMY OF THE RED CROSS

Somewhere in France the cruel Huns are advancing!
Prussians, whose vision of God has been lost,
Crushing the world with tyranical power;
Eager for conquest, not counting the cost!

German Kultur has been weighed and found wanting,
Broken are all sacred laws from above,
Piercing afresh the great heart of our Savior,
Trailing in dust the white banner of Love.

Somewhere in France our dear lads are fighting,
Fighting with courage, undaunted and true,
Fighting for justice, repulsing the Vandals,
Fighting for God, for the Red, White and Blue.

Somewhere in France our dear lads are dying,
Freely their splendid, clean manhood they give;
Dying in honor to free all the nations,
Dying, they cry, "Let Democracy Live."

List to the tread of another great army!
See! They are marching so strong and so brave;
Sacrifice, service, endurance, their armor;
Their's is a mission to comfort and save.

Braving cold death at the front of the battle,
Serving as mother, as sister, as friend,
A halo their crown, the Red Cross their emblem,
Angels of mercy, they'll stay till they end

Feeding, protecting the hungry and needy,
Healing humanity's suffering and loss,
Serving all mankind with love and compassion;
The world's great redeemer, America's Red Cross!

RESPONSE TO COL. McREA'S "IN FLANDERS FIELDS"

In Flanders Fields, where poppies grow,
We see the crosses row on row;
They mark the place where brave lads fell,
That peace on earth might always dwell.

For old men's wars Youth paid the price,
Climbed Calvary's Hill of Sacrifice;
Was it in vain their blood was spilled
In Flanders Fields?

God calls! Life's war will not be won
Till Love abides with every one.
To you who gave your all, we cry,
We'll keep the faith, though we may die
Like you who fell where poppies grow,
In Flanders Fields.

THE DAWN OF PEACE

'Twas night! No gleam the dreary depths dispelling,
No sound save endless moanings of the Sea;
Great, maddening waves, e'er turning, tossing,
twisting,
Left prostrate on the sands—Humanity.

Exultant, proud, the Prince of Darkness, mounted
On dashing charger, gazed with rapt delight,
While dripping from his hands—the blood of children,
Whose cries aroused Humanity that night!

Humanity, though stunned, arose to action,
Turned God deaf ears to her heart-rending cry?
Like burning incense, prayers to heaven ascending,
Though circled by dark clouds, had touched the sky.

From out the deep a ray of light came stealing!
With bated breath the world percieved its glow;
The arch destroyer's steed had fled in terror,
A great Shakinah led against the foe.

'Tis Dawn! Our God's in His celestial dwelling,
Through Him may burning conflicts ever cease,
Redeeming Life and Love's great task renewing—
No King shall rule save Christ, the Prince of Peace.

AUTUMN

I see the soft leaves gently falling
Like butterfly wings to the ground,
They tell us that Summer is dying,
And form for her rest a rich mound.

I feel the cool breezes a stirring,
A vision of Winter appears,
When birds and the flowers are sleeping
And Heaven bathes earth with her tears.

For a moment my heart becomes saddened
O'er changes that Autumn has wrought,
But God through it all is still smiling,
And whispers my fears are for nought.

Though Springtime and Summer have vanished,
Though clouds hide the sun's brightest ray,
We must not give up in repining,
The birds have not left us for aye.

For Nature's great heart is still throbbing,
She drinks of God's nectar above;
Great Winter and Death are in seeming,
She'll soon rise with fulness of love.

O, how we'll rejoice in the Springtime,
When the little brown robins return!
Our souls shall expand like the rosebuds,
The meaning of Life we shall learn.

CHRISTMAS

The Magi of the long ago,
Who journeyed from afar,
To find the King of Bethlehem,
Were guided by a star.

Abiding in the fields at night,
The lowly shepherds near,
Were sore afraid when shone the light,
A voice said, "Do not fear!"
And as the babe in swaddling clothes,
Wrapped, in the manger lay,
The angels and the multitude
Of heaven did homage pay.

Great treasures brought the learned men,
Rare, costly gifts they were,
Presenting to the manger babe
Gold, frankincense and myrrh.
The shepherds on the lonely hills
Rich off'rings could not bring,
But Love was gold, Praise incense sweet,
Their best they gave the King.

Time makes its change, the ages roll,
The months and years go by,
And we forget to watch
Still shining in the sky.

The nations strive in deadly war,
The song once heard by men
Of "Peace on Earth," though still it rings,
Is drowned and lost to them.

Two thousand years ago, when God
The Flag of Truce unfurled,
He gave it as a Christmas gift,
'Twas meant for all the world.

So let us hope and let us pray
That peace will come once more,
When men shall turn to watch the star,
To follow and adore.

THE NEW YEAR

The Old Year has fled,
The world looks ahead,
Forgetting the things gone before;
The bells pealing clear
Ring in the New Year,
Which silently opens the door.

In shimmering white,
With no stain to blight,
The radiant Morn is attired;
We bow at her feet
Feeling how incomplete
Our labors in days now expired.

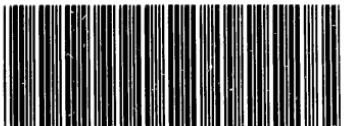
Old ways cast aside,
Resolved to abide
By the truest and highest ideal,
We take up our work
With no mind to shirk
The impulse our hearts deeply feel.

Each day that we live
Should happiness give,
To strengthen and comfort through life,
The less fortunate one
Who has wearily begun
The New Year in turmoil and strife.





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